

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cowper.*

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The Blessedness of the Merciful.

EXTRACTS FROM A RECENT SERMON BY REV. C. A. STONE,
OF HOPKINTON, N. H.

From the text Matt. 5. 7: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

The eye of the Bible, so to speak, is at all times and in all its pages on the Divine mercy, which surpasses the wideness of the sea, which has a tender regard for the wants and condition of all of God's children and creatures, which has a due regard for the sensitive strings of human and animal nature, and constrains man to walk carefully, speak softly and deal kindly and bountifully with all. It is not circumscribed or limited. It is most pitiful, most active; merciful,—which means that the heart is to be emptied of all its harsh and cruel passions, and that one shall be so affected by the miseries of God's creatures as to do all in his power for their relief and happiness.

It is one of the greatest necessities of our times that we broaden and heighten our ideas of mercy; that we make it the atmosphere which we breathe, as it is the golden gate we look upon; that, all-embracing and life-giving, it sanctify the chambers of the heart, and fill them with the plenitude of mercy, that we be merciful to all around.

2. *To whom and to what* should we be merciful? What saith the Scriptures? "The merciful man is merciful to man and beast." True mercy is broad-hearted. It has no respect of persons or things. It is a divine principle of combined love, pity and action, that has at heart all of God's interests; that stoops wherever there is a cry for help; that loves to stoop to bless the lowliest; that is the opposite of all human ideas of mercy, as it is most active where there is the greatest sin or helplessness. Men are very cautious in the exercise of this mercy, if they have it. They limit it within the bounds of respectability, profit, or acquaintance. It is held at the caprice of their whims; bargained for what they like or dislike. This is not God's way. It is not our pattern. If nature has any highest sympathy, it is for those who have leaped the track of her laws. Society has those whom she has cast out of regard, those who have outraged nature; but the mother of us all runs to help and to lift up the most guilty. Heaven is the merciful guardian of all creation. Her store-houses are for all mouths. The eye of our Heavenly Father is upon all, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground unnoticed. Not a bird sings, not a butterfly flits through the air, not a bee builds its cell and lays up its winter store, not

a fly goes to its long winter sleep, not a reptile crawls upon the face of the earth, not a mole burrows in the ground, not a squirrel climbs a tree, not a beast roams the forest, not a dumb animal lives, not an insect—though it be unseen by the naked eye—that is uncared for and unloved by our Universal Father in heaven. He who made man, made the beast. He who hears the prayer of his children, hears the cry of the ant under the foot of a child, and the unuttered cry of the horse bearing too heavy a burden or cringing under the cruel blows of his master; all the Great Heart pities. Man was set as a sub-master of the world. The animal creation was set subject to him, but never to be ill-treated, much less to be destroyed. Some men and boys there are who too often amuse themselves by torturing domestic animals. They needlessly shoot the birds, torture dogs and cats, pin flies and bugs to the wall, break off their wings and legs, beat their cattle, unmercifully whip their horses, and starve their oxen. They seem to have an impression that animals have no feelings or rights. We must remember that God gave to the animal the same inalienable rights that he gave to man. It is a part of the common heritage with life, made so by a good Father above, that all should have the right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is not the purpose of God that these rights be abridged anywhere. It is little, therefore, to say that man is abusing the inferior animals in his unmerciful treatment of them. He is treading on the purposes of God. He is violating the laws of his kingdom. He is wronging God and abusing his own better manhood. It is hardly manly to be cruel to an inferior. It is not acting the part of a true man to give unneeded pain or suffering to anything wholly under our power. The more helpless and weak the thing, the more inhuman to ill-treat it, the greater the need of mercy.

Our dumb animals are our wards. The animal creation was made to be helps unto man, to be bearers of his burdens and to assist in the common work for life; to be cared for and to be protected by man. Man is the proper guardian of their interests, set to be their friend and helper. We are to treat them mercifully. If we are merciful as we are commanded, we shall properly study the strength of the ox, and put no over-load upon him; we shall regard the feelings of the horse; not a dog or cat will be ill-treated; not a worm trod upon unnecessarily.

We should be merciful to our brother-man. It may be needless to say that he who ill-treats an animal will ill-treat a neighbor; that he who beats his horse will abuse his wife; that one who will torture a dog will inflict pain upon a neighbor's child. Men swing their cruel hands widely, caring little whom or what they hurt. It is the delight of some to tread upon all and everything in their power. They fear their superiors in strength, pass by their equals, but grasp that smaller than themselves, and woe be to it. But the merciful man is merciful to man and beast.

Extract from the Jewish Talmud.

He searches the righteous. How? By judging of the manner in which they attend to the flocks intrusted to their charge.

David the son of Jesse. He tried in this manner. Before the lambs David set tender grass for food; to the old sheep he gave soft herbs and tender grass, while to the young sheep, able to chew well, he gave the old grass; feeding each according to its wants and strength. Therefore the Lord said, "David, who is able to care for the wants of the flocks, intrusted to him, will be able to rule properly over my flock, the people of Israel," even as it is written, "After the young flock He brought him to rule over Jacob, His people."

So did the Lord try Moses. While keeping the flock of his father-in-law in the wilderness, a lamb left the flock and ran away. The merciful shepherd pursued it and found it quenching its thirst at a spring by the roadside. "Poor lamb," said Moses, "I did not know that thou wast thirsty;" and after the lamb had finished drinking, he took it up tenderly in his arms and carried it back to the flock. Then said God, "Moses, merciful Moses, if thy love and care is so great for an animal, how much greater will it be, exerted for thy fellow-being! thou shalt lead my people Israel."—*Jewish Record, Philadelphia.*

The Depth of Grief.

I was lately visiting some acquaintances who had not long returned from India, when, as I was walking round the dining-room for a survey of the portraits of horses and dogs, my eye caught sight of the wonderfully expressive countenance of a small, rough, brown-colored terrier; it seemed almost to speak to one, through the medium of the eyes, exactly as dogs do when alive, from the sharp little rattle to the noble mastiff. On remarking what a wonderful specimen of intelli-

gence they must have possessed in that small terrier when alive, I was answered thus: Ah, that little dog all but brought moisture to the eyes of her master during her lifetime. You shall hear the tale. "Tiny," as many small dogs are called, was one morning found with three pups in her basket-bed. Now the pups were not wished to be kept, and the order went forth for them to be drowned. This order was obeyed, and they were all buried in the compound adjoining the house. Alas! for the poor mother, they were not buried deep enough down; or, she may have seen the act of the man who did the deed. Be that as it may, she was observed to wander about, often looking intently up in her master's face. Now he was very fond of his horses and dogs, of which he had several. The next day, as her master was sitting reading in his veranda, and had half forgotten the occurrence, he observed his little dog coming up the walk with something in her mouth. She came and placed at his feet a dead pup, as much as to say, "Look what some one has done; you are the one to help and pity me in my grief." He was so struck with the fact, and her piercing whine, that in silence he waited to see what she would do next. Off the little creature went the second, yea, and even third time: at his feet she laid them all; then beseechingly looking up, evidently imploring aid, she packed them close together, as if to warm them, then uttering one long whine, she lay down with her offspring. Her master went on reading his paragraph, in which he was interested; when that was finished he put his hand on his little dog to caress and soothe her, when to his surprise he found she did not move. He put his hand on her heart; it had ceased to beat. That long, piteous whine and imploring look not meeting with help to restore her pups to life, broke her heart; her kind master could scarcely credit the fact, neither will many, no doubt, who read these lines. Nevertheless, just as faithful dogs have died at the graves of those they have loved and served, so did this affectionate little terrier die from grief upon the cold, dead pups which she had loved—a never-to-be-forgotten incident of the power of grief in the history of one of our faithful canine friends, from whom often and often we may learn a lesson of sincerity and true love.—*Animal World*.

Affection of the Dog.

Very touching is the conduct of that dog down in Essex County, who, on a certain day in August, a few years ago, parted with his master at the station, and watched for him there at night, but he did not arrive,—he had perished in the disaster at Revere,—and every day for months the dog watched for his master, scanning the passengers as they alighted from the train. The master never came, but the humble, loyal watcher did not give him up, but waited long for him.

There is a dog in Edinburgh who has kept watch over his master's grave, in the Greyfriars churchyard for some dozen years, lying on it every night, through all the storms and cold of a Scotch winter, refusing all shelter. I went to the Greyfriars, as an old, historic scene, to see the spot where the sturdy old Covenanters signed their solemn league and covenant, with blood drawn from their own veins, and where their martyrs lie buried in the ignominious corner set apart for criminals; but I cared quite as much to look upon the lone grave that has been watched over as never other grave has been, and to see the faithful sentinel, and I brought away his photograph and biography.—*Rev. Dr. Putnam*.

The Love of a Dog.

Charley Dykeman, a handsome, auburn-haired youth, was the son of an East Rockaway farmer. Three years ago he bought a puppy, half Newfoundland and half hunting breed, for which he cherished extraordinary regard. He fed him with his own hand, attended to his wants, and would allow no one to molest him nor to interfere with his comfort. The dog in turn evinced, it seemed, the utmost affection and gratitude for this kind

treatment. He followed his master everywhere, and would eat from no other hand than his. He capered and barked with extravagant joy whenever Charley appeared.

In the middle of last December young Dykeman died, and being very popular, had a large funeral. The procession had scarcely moved before a large black dog, with a rope around his neck and a piece of broken rope dangling from it, jumped from the roadside, and, dashing by the rear carriages, stationed himself, panting, under the hearse. His shaggy coat was covered with mud and torn with briars.

"It's Charley's dog!" exclaimed a dozen persons, who had seen the animal in his master's lifetime, and who knew him well.

How he had managed to get loose no one could tell. Every effort to coax him from under the hearse failed, and he was allowed to remain there. During the whole of the seven miles' journey the dog toiled wearily on through the mud and slush, never parting company with the hearse until it reached the little cemetery in the rear of the Presbyterian church in Hempstead. After the earth had been smoothed over the grave, and the last mourner had quitted the cemetery, the dog sprang from behind a bush, and, with a long howl, sank down on the newly-made mound. He lay over the head of the grave in a crouching attitude, with his fore-paws extended and his head buried between them. Darkness came on, but he did not stir. The cold increased, yet he lay stretched out upon the damp earth and refused to move. All night he remained there. When, early the next morning, a wondering lad from a house across the street crept into the little churchyard, he found the dog, cold and half-frozen, at his post.

Ever since, day and night, in cold and rain, the poor dog has remained faithful at his post. He has been repeatedly taken away only to return. During the intense cold of Friday, Jan. 3, when the thermometer fell to four degrees below zero, and icy blasts swept over the Hempstead plains, the dog lay for ten hours on his master's grave. When the dog is absent from the grave in search of food, no one seems to know where he goes.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Animal Friendships.

Many equine celebrities have delighted in feline companions, following in this the example of their notable ancestor, the Godolphin Arab, between whom and a black cat an intimate friendship existed for years, a friendship that came to a touching end; for when that famous steed died, his old companion would not leave the body, and, when it had seen it put under ground, crawled slowly away to a hay-loft, and, refusing to be comforted, pined away and died.

Mr. Huntington of East Bloomfield, America, owns a thoroughbred horse named Narragansett, and a white cat. The latter was wont to pay a daily visit to Narragansett's stall, to hunt up the mice, and then enjoy a quiet nap. Mr. Huntington removed to Rochester with his family, leaving the cat behind; but she complained so loudly and so unceasingly that she was sent on to the new abode. Her first object was now to get somebody to interpret her desires. At last her master divined them and started off with her to the barn. As soon as they were inside, the cat went to the horse's stall, made herself a bed near his head, and curled herself up contentedly. When Mr. Huntington visited the pair next morning, there was puss, close to Narragansett's feet, with a family of five beside her. The horse evidently knew all about it, and that it behooved him to take heed how he used his feet. Puss afterwards would go out, leaving her little ones to the care of her friend, who would, every now and then, look to see how they were getting on. When these inspections took place in the mother's presence, she was not at all uneasy, although she showed the greatest fear and anxiety if any children or strangers intruded upon her privacy.

A gentleman in Sussex had a cat which showed the greatest affection for a young blackbird, which was given to her by a stable-boy for food,

a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no mother could show a greater fondness for her offspring than she did for the bird.

Lemmy shut up a cat and several mice together in a cage. The mice in time got to be very friendly, and plucked and nibbled at their feline friend. When any of them grew troublesome she would gently box their ears. A German magazine tells of a M. Hecart who placed a tame sparrow under the protection of a wild-cat. Another cat attacked the sparrow, which was at the most critical moment rescued by its protector. During the sparrow's subsequent illness its natural foe watched over it with the greatest tenderness. The same authority gives an instance of a cat trained like a watch-dog to keep guard over a yard containing a hare and some sparrows, blackbirds and partridges.

That a horse should be hail-fellow with a hen, appears too absurd to be true; yet we have Gilbert White's word for it, that a horse, lacking more suitable companions, struck up a great friendship with a hen, and displayed immense gratification when she rubbed against his legs and clucked a greeting, whilst he moved about with the greatest caution lest he might trample on his "little, little friend."

Col. Montague tells of a pointer which, after being well beaten for killing a Chinese goose, was further punished by having the murdered bird tied to his neck, a penance that entailed his being constantly attended by the defunct's relative. Whether he satisfied her that he repented the cruel deed is more than we know; but after a little while the pointer and the goose were on the best of terms, living under the same roof, fed out of one trough, occupying the same straw bed; and, when the dog went on duty in the field, the goose filled the air with her lamentations for his absence.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Equine Sagacity.

A pleasant story has just come from the Cape of Good Hope. In Graaf-Reinet, as in all the old Dutch towns in the Colony, there is, in the centre of the place, a large market square, where the farmers, traders, and others, arriving with their produce at any hour of the day or night, may "out-span" the oxen and horses from their wagons, send the cattle out to the "commonage" to feed, while they bivouac at their wagons, as is the wont of African travellers to do until the eight o'clock morning market auction. An old horse belonging to one of these parties had wandered about in search of grass and water—vainly, no doubt, for it was during the severe drought from which the country is but now recovering. Coming to the great bare market-place, and finding a knot of men talking there, he singled out one of them and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him, but, as it was not very roughly done, he returned to the charge, with the same reception; but he was a persevering animal, and practically demonstrated the axiom that "perseverance gains the day," for, upon his taking the chosen sleeve for the third time between his teeth, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him; so putting his hand on the horse's neck he said, "All right, old fellow; march on!" The horse at once led the way to a pump at the further side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. One of them, at the bidding of the white man, filled a bucket with water; three times was the bucket replenished and emptied before the "great thirst" was assuaged, and then the grateful brute almost spoke his thanks to his white friend by rubbing his nose gently against his arm, after which he walked off with a great sigh of relief. A story somewhat analogous to the foregoing was told me by a friend, whose uncle, an old country Squire in one of our western counties, had a favorite hunter in a loose box in the stable. One warm summer day he was "athirst" and could get no water.

He tried to draw the groom's attention to the fact, but without success. The horse was not to be discouraged; he evidently gave the matter consideration. The thirst was pressing. All at once he remembered that he always had a certain halter put upon his head when led to water. He knew where it hung. He managed to unhook it from its peg, and carried it to the groom, who, in great admiration of the knowledgeable brute, rewarded him in the manner he desired.—*Nature*.

Doings of Kindred Societies.

We have a pamphlet of twenty pages issued by the Minneapolis branch of the Minnesota Society for the P. C. A. Its President is Rev. D. B. Knickerbocker; Treasurer, W. H. Chamberlain; Secretary, S. B. Chase; and Attorney, Albert B. Orvitt. The pamphlet contains the law of Minnesota to prevent cruelty to animals; the Constitution of the Minneapolis Branch, and short articles upon the reason why animals should be protected; history of Societies for P. C. A., and an account of the Society at Minneapolis, which was organized in January, 1878. This Society has circulated the publications of the Massachusetts Society, and has done what it could under the circumstances to enforce the law. An appeal is made to the ladies to help. May they heed it! Take from our Massachusetts Society its corps of brave, active, generous women, and its record would attract little general attention, and its power be lessened in every direction. All honor to the Minneapolis friends for what they have done.

Meeting of the Humane Society at Pittsburg, Penn., Jan. 22, 1879.

Professor Eaton presented the fifth annual report, which speaks thankfully and hopefully of the work of the Society. During the past year it has cared for neglected children as well as animals. The Society has a debt of about \$500, and its receipts last year were \$1,034. For such a city as Pittsburg alone, this must be considered a most inadequate support by outsiders. It is most encouraging that this sum was nearly twice as large as that received in 1877. Officers for 1879: President, Prof. Leonard H. Eaton; Secretary, Jos. G. Walter; Solicitor, W. C. Anderson; Treasurer, Fred. Rinehart; Agent, Michael Dean. There are eleven Vice-Presidents, and an Executive Committee of nineteen, of whom ten are ladies. The annual membership was fixed for gentlemen at \$5, and for ladies and children, \$1. Life membership: gentlemen, \$1.00; ladies, \$25. When the proper time shall come, we should be glad to know the experience of our friends who have united in one organization the cruelly-treated children and animals.

Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held this week, at the rooms of the Society, No. 1216 Chestnut Street. Col. M. Richards Muckle presided, and Mr. Samuel J. Levick acted as Secretary.

The eleventh annual report of the Board of Managers was read by the Secretary. The report stated that the past year has been an interesting one in the history of the Society, and it alluded to the International Convention held at Paris during the great Exposition, at which delegates were present from the most civilized countries of the world, and where an intelligent discussion of the various subjects connected with the prevention of cruelty to animals took place.

Then followed a summary of the proceedings of that convention, prepared by Mr. Nathan Appleton, of the Massachusetts Society, who was present at the convention.

Following this was the second annual meeting of the American Humane Society (late International Humane Society), at Baltimore, in November last, composed of delegates from all the principal societies of the United States.

The late annual message of his Excellency,

Rutherford B. Hayes, called the attention of Congress to this meeting, and the importance of the subject of cattle transportation from the West to the East, not only in its relation to the citizens of the country, but that such laws should be passed, looking alike to the protection of the creatures as well as the health of its citizens, all exemplifying that the work we are engaged in is increasingly claiming the attention of the civilized world.

The Treasurer's report states that there have been received from 611 members, \$3,055; donations, \$524.50; fines and miscellaneous receipts, \$599; interest on bonds and other securities, \$1,826.75; interest on deposit, \$13.17; sale of \$1,000 city sixes, \$1,150.42; balance in treasury Jan. 1, 1878, \$235.92. Total receipts for 1878, \$7,168.42. Total expenses during 1878, \$7,404.31, leaving a balance in the treasury, Jan. 1, 1879, of \$142.47.

By special observation by a number of officers of the Society at various points of the city at different times during the year, 3,717 horses and mules were counted, of which 3,561 were in good condition, 100 in poor condition, 33 slightly lame, and 23 old and decrepit.

Since the organization of the Society, in 1878, 15,435 cases of cruelty have been reported. There have been 1,769 prosecutions, and 1,546 convictions.

During the year 1878, 520 complaints were registered at the office, representing 511 cases of cruelty. The following summary exhibits the action of the Society on the above complaints: insufficient evidence, 65; want of legal remedy, 11; offenders not found, 56; exaggerated or malicious complaints, 63; warnings issued, 72; corrected on notice, 58; prosecutions, 94; convictions, 85; acquittals, 9; suits withdrawn, or fines remitted on account of poverty of defendants, 3.

In addition to the above cases, all of which were carefully investigated by the agents of the Society, 355 horses and mules were turned out of harness, being unfit for work; pads were ordered in 82 instances where the harness rubbed sore parts; 375 warnings were given to thoughtless and careless drivers, and 64 animals mercifully killed, being entirely disabled.

The improvements made in the shipping of live cattle during the past year from this port have resulted satisfactorily to those engaged therein, and their report states that the first few days after shipment the cattle appear comfortable, eat their food well, and, having a supply of water and room to lie down, they arrive in good condition, one firm reporting that out of eighteen hundred cattle shipped to the port of Liverpool last summer, their loss was only eight of the entire number.

An election for officers of the Society for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—

Coleman Sellers, President; J. B. Lippincott, Geo. W. Childs, Alexander Brown, A. J. Drexel, and M. R. Muckle, Vice Presidents; S. J. Levick, Secretary; Levi Knowles, Treasurer; Gustavus Remak, R. P. White, and W. P. Bowman, Counsellors. A single change was made in the Board of Managers, William Watson being elected to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Pliny E. Chase.—*Ledger*, Jan. 23, 1879.

Good News from New Orleans.

In the local columns of the New Orleans "Picayune" appeared a communication addressed by Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York, to the Chief of Police of that city. "Mr. Bergh conveys to our Chief of Police the information that a notorious person named Harry Jennings had left New York in charge of twenty-one trained bull-dogs, which he is bringing to this city for the purpose of engaging them in a series of contests for money. A newspaper notice, accompanying the communication, says that the partner and companion of Jennings in this shameful and disreputable business is one Thomas Tuyman, of Philadelphia, and that the precious pair had taken passage in the steamship Knickerbocker for this city. It is the intention of Jennings and Tuyman, so we are told, to enter their bull-dogs in the 'Great National Dog-

Fight, to be fought in New Orleans or the immediate vicinity during Mardi Gras and succeeding weeks."

"The passion of a certain class of degraded human beings for spectacles of this kind is simply the cropping out in an age of civilization and refinement of the brutal instincts of an originally barbarous nature. It is the same feeling which moved a Roman crowd to look with delight on the dying struggles of the gladiator and the agony of the captive rent to pieces by ferocious beasts; which filled with inhuman joy the soul of the fanatic of the middle ages when he saw the martyr writhing in the grasp of the unquenching flames; which steeled the heart of the Spanish Princess against the supplications of the Jewish girl on the edge of the fiery furnace. It is the same feeling that made the brutal prize-fight popular in England; that made the bull-fight a favorite pastime in Spain; that makes some men, even in this age, gloat on the dying agonies of a hunted brute, and which finds supreme delight in the torture of sentient beings.

"For the better information of these persons, and that they may bethink themselves of the risk they run, if they persist in their criminal enterprise, we would draw their attention to the following act, passed at the last session of the General Assembly:—

"Act to amend and re-enact section 816 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Louisiana.

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened, That section 816 of the Revised Statutes of the State shall be amended and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

"SEC. 816. Whoever shall wantonly or maliciously cruelly beat, maim, disable, starve, or otherwise ill-treat any domesticated animal, including those specified in the foregoing section, shall, upon conviction, be fined not exceeding \$100, or imprisoned, not exceeding three months, or both, at the discretion of the court."

The "Picayune" demands that the provisions of the law shall be relentlessly enforced against the vagrant ruffians who have gone to make the soil of Louisiana the arena of their inhuman sports.

Coral-Polypes.

Probably no portion of the domain of the naturalist has been more plentifully overrun with error than the special territory which includes the coral-polypes as its tenants. To begin with, errors in name are of plentiful occurrence; the most common instance of this kind being found in the erroneous designation of "insects" often bestowed on the coral-animals. The name "insect" was no doubt applied in a very loose and general sense in bygone days. But it is the first duty of science to be correct in its nomenclature, and as suggestive of a relationship to the familiar "insects" the use of this term, as applied to the coral-architects, is of grossly erroneous nature. Ere now, also, the fishes of the sea have been credited with the work of building coral-reefs, and the vague term "animalcules" was used in former days to indicate the nature of the workers in coral. Nor have poets been behind in propagating erroneous ideas concerning the nature and work of the coral-animals. As Professor Dana remarks, Montgomery's "Pelican Island" contains statements which a scientific man at least can hardly excuse on the ground of poetical license. "The poetry of this excellent author," says Dana, "is good, but the facts nearly all errors,—if literature allows of such an incongruity. There is no 'toil,' no 'skill,' no 'dwelling,' no 'sepulchre,' in the coral-plantation, any more than in a flower garden; and as little are the coral-polypes shapeless worms that 'writhe and shrink their tortuous bodies to grotesque dimensions.'" The coral-animals, in short, manufacture or secrete the coral substance as a part of their life-action and nature, just as a flower manufactures its color, or as a higher animal forms its bones. The living acts of the coral-animals include the formation of coral as an essential and natural duty, and not as a work of a merely accidental or occasional kind.—*Leisure-time Studies*, by A. Wilson.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, March, 1879.

Our Paper for March.

Rev. Mr. Stone, of Hopkinton, N. H., has put us under obligations by allowing us to use a part of a recent sermon of his, on the command to be merciful. It is the kind of preaching that will hasten the day of universal justice and kindness to the brute creation.

The speech of Judge Russell, in our Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the kindred cause of protecting children, shows the necessity of active societies to do that work.

The action of Mr. Bergh in the case of fighting dogs shipped to New Orleans from New York, will be read with the deepest interest and approval.

"What shall we do with Lady Douglass?" is not an imaginary case. What is the best suggestion by any reader, based on a like experience?

We should have to follow the example of the Appletons, with their "Science Monthly," and give a "Supplement," if we were to publish all the interesting papers which reach us. If our subscriptions were doubled, we should be glad enough to do this!

The April paper may be delayed a few days, in order to contain some account of the annual meeting of our Society.

The singers will do well to learn the spirited song of the "Springtime," on our last page.

Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

Our Directors have decided there shall be a public meeting this year, and the time selected is Thursday, March 27. The place of meeting will be determined by the committee who have the details in hand.

The committee intend and expect to secure gentlemen of the highest character and ability to speak, and an untiring friend has asked the privilege of furnishing vocal music of the best quality. They hope to receive one or more poems from well-known writers whose sympathies are in the cause. Altogether, then, we expect a meeting worthy of the occasion.

The Export of Live Cattle.

This trade has suddenly found a new enemy in the appearance of pleuro-pneumonia. It must check for a time the shipments to Liverpool, and in a way disastrous, we may well fear, to many dealers. Of the future of this trade it is too early to speak; but the question of preserving dead meats will now have closer attention. There are reasons for thinking that this may yet be solved in a way to save the pain and risks of the ocean transportation of live animals. Sanitary, as well as humane considerations make such a result now desirable. The present alarm, in regard to contagious diseases, will give a wider interest to the experiments which are being made.

A Law Authorizing the Killing of Disabled and Injured Animals

is now before a committee of our legislature. As it is substantially the same as the existing statute on the same subject in the States of New York, Michigan and Maine, and as our own experience has fully shown its necessity, there ought to be no doubt of its final passage. Some of the evidence presented to the committee will be published hereafter for future use, if, contrary to our expectations, the law shall not be secured now.

DIRECTORS' MEETING IN FEBRUARY, on Wednesday, the 19th, at 11 A. M. Present, Mrs. Appleton and Mrs. Lowell. Also, Messrs. Angell, Geo. Noyes, Sawyer and Firth.

Called to order by the President.

The record of the last meeting was approved, as it appeared in February O. D. A. The receipts and expenses for the month of January were read and referred to the Finance Committee.

A statement was made of what had been done in the direction of new laws to suppress pigeon-shooting in this State, and to get authority to kill disabled and injured animals. Hope of success in regard to both was expressed.

A further report was made of the Brighton case, where a horse, supposed to have been abandoned, was killed by an agent of our Society, and a suit has been threatened against it in consequence. It is thought that a settlement of the case will be made.

The Secretary stated that a second edition, of five thousand copies, of the "Service of Mercy" had been published, to meet the demand for it; and that Mrs. Appleton had claimed and exercised the privilege of paying for the second as she had before for the first edition.

The new tract on the "Care of Horses" was approved. Of this, five thousand copies have been printed, and are being distributed in livery and other stables, and among all sorts and conditions of men who have to do with horses.

The Trustees of the Permanent Fund reported the purchase of three seven per cent. bonds of one thousand dollars each, of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad Company, for that fund. Several gifts, in January and February, of the most generous character, were made known, which called out hearty expressions of gratitude.

The question of a public meeting on the coming eleventh anniversary of the society was raised, and decided affirmatively. The time for the meeting was fixed for the evening of Thursday, March 27. Several speakers were suggested who are among the most eminent in our city, and Mr. Angell, Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Lowell, Messrs. Sawyer, O'Reilly, Geo. Noyes and Heywood were elected a committee to make the necessary arrangements. Music of a high character will be obtained, if practicable; and, it is hoped, that one or more poems may be also received by the Committee. The occasion promises to be one of unusual interest.

About 12 o'clock the meeting adjourned.

Care of Horses.

ADVICE TO OWNERS AND DRIVERS OF DRAUGHT HORSES.

This is the title of our last tract. It gives advice of a simple, practical kind, such as every driver and hostler will understand. It should reach all who have to do with the care of the horse or stable. We do not know how any friend of the horse, with the same money, can do so much for its comfort and proper care as by giving away this tract where its teaching can do most good. Five or ten dollars so spent, or even one, would give needed knowledge, the lack of which is often the sole cause of cruelty, and would suggest kinder thoughts towards every other creature.

The tract will be furnished at one dollar per hundred.

Please send for specimen copies.

Progress.

We continually hear expressions of surprise at the change of public opinion in regard to the treatment of animals since the formation of societies for their protection. Of the fact there can be no more dispute than that 1879 is not 1869. That it is all due to the work of such organizations is not claimed. The truth is, that no work of religion or humanity stands by itself; each is allied with every other, whether the friends of any special work recognize the fact or not. There has been an advance along the whole line. Great helpers from other quarters have also been found for our cause, among which has been the growing general intelligence of the age. The scientific revival and culture of the last fifty years, quite undesignedly, has done much for it also, by the new interest in animal life and phenomena. This, apart from all speculations or conclusions as to the connection between the lower and the higher in the scale of beings.

The tone of the "Vestiges of Creation," published about 1844, for illustration, was one of the first proofs of this larger knowledge and sympathy. Mr. Darwin's books are filled with it. Indeed, no man can study the habits of any class of creatures, as Mr. Darwin did that of pigeons, without new thoughts and higher views of brute life. A mighty helper has been found in the songs of the poets, from Cowper to Tennyson, on the other side, and in all our own on this side the sea who have a national reputation. It is the fact of the wondrous change we would emphasize, while inferring a future not less, but more inspiring.

The Law to Suppress Pigeon-Shooting in Massachusetts.

after meeting some rebuffs, seems now likely to pass. The committee of the judiciary of the house reported that, in its judgment, the present law is sufficient. To our agents who had repeatedly tested it, and had always found it defective, this conclusion was a surprise. If it were said the reason was in the obtuseness of trial justices, our answer would be, that does not help us. Give us a law of ten lines that even such justices can read as they run, and we will ask no more. And besides, why have a law capable of two interpretations, when the legislature can make the true meaning clear? These considerations had weight with many members, and finally led the committee most honorably to accept the bill of Mr. Scott, of Lexington, and which reads as follows. We shall go to press before a final vote will be reached; but it will interest our friends to see the first draft of the law, whatever its final form may be. In any event, our thanks are due to Mr. Scott for his introduction of the subject and his earnest advocacy.

AN ACT to Suppress Pigeon-Shooting and Similar Sports.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Any person who shall keep or use any live pigeon, fowl, or other bird, for the purpose of a target, or to be shot at, either for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship, and any person who shall shoot at any bird as aforesaid, or be a party to any such shooting of any fowl or bird, and any person who shall rent any building, shed, room, yard, field, or premises, or shall knowingly suffer or permit the use of any building, shed, room, yard, field, or premises, for the purpose of shooting any fowl or bird as aforesaid, shall be punished by fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in jail not exceeding thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. Nothing herein contained shall apply to the shooting of any wild game in its wild state.

The Service of Mercy

was used in the Unitarian Church, at Lexington, on Sunday evening, Feb. 16. The Sunday-school joined very generally in the responses, and the selections of songs and hymns for singing were heartily given. Several recitations were given by scholars, among which were, "Mercy," by Shakespere, and that called "Tom," in the pamphlet of poems. The Secretary spoke of some conspicuous services rendered man by animals, and of the history of societies for their protection. Rev. Mr. Westcott followed, with an excellent and thoroughly practical address. He spoke of the society with the long name, reaching in its influence to Lexington. As an illustration, he said that only a few days before, a man was beating his horse to get it to draw too heavy a load up a hill in that town. A lady living nearly opposite the place opened her window and attracting the attention of the driver, quietly told him that if he did not stop using his whip she should report him to the Massachusetts Society P. C. A. At once he stopped, began unloading, and from that point the contents of his team went up in three parts. An intelligent audience gave excellent attention throughout the exercises.

The National Humane Association

had two independent lines of action before it. The first was to secure a new and better law to protect cattle in transportation, from the present Congress. The hope of that has now, reluctantly, been given up. The second related to the manner in which the cattle traffic of the country is done, from time to time, and to enforce the United States law and the laws of the States for the protection of the cattle, whenever and wherever necessary. We suppose the executive committee of the association will give its attention to this now, without much delay. Of course, a man of ability and experience must be employed, and one who is competent to meet the managers of the several lines of railway.

In the meantime the friends of this needed work should send contributions to Levi Knowles, Esq., treasurer of the A. H. A., at Philadelphia, that the committee may not be crippled for want of means.

Cow Stables on Long Island.

In the last "Our Animal Friends" is an account of a visit of Mr. Bergh to certain stables attached to the distillery of Gaff, Fleischman & Co., at a place singularly named Blissville, on Long Island. Within the enclosure he found three immense stables, containing about nine hundred cows. There was not a single door or window open, and the tainted atmosphere arrested the progress of all present. Many cows were lying down, but the insufficient space necessitated their partly resting on one another. Dr. Raymond, Sanitary Superintendent of Brooklyn, says: "These animals never leave the stables, until, giving no more milk, and being 'fattened,' they are driven to the slaughter-house, contributing during life to the propagation of disease through their milk, robbing the infant of its sole chance of life; and, after death, furnishing diseased meat to all consumers." In the summer of 1877 Mr. Bergh prosecuted the alleged proprietors, but a Long Island jury said "not guilty." The Governor and Legislature will now be called upon to take such action as may be required to end the horrible business.

The New Cattle Law.

Congress is now in session, and no one can know what may be done, or left undone, between now and its adjournment; but the committee of our American Humane Association, who had the decision to make, became satisfied, against their hopes, that the new law cannot be hoped for at this session. The large number of bills on the calendar of the two houses, and the tremendous pressure behind many of them, taken with the fact that comparatively few members have shown an earnest purpose to see the bill through, were the chief reasons for the conclusions reached.

When a new Congress shall meet, let us hope that an early movement then, in behalf of a better cattle law, will be successful.

[For Our Dumb Animals.] One Way.

There are many means of advocating and assisting our cause. A very simple method is to have pretty card pledges printed, running thus: "Legion of Honor,—We hereby promise to treat kindly all dumb animals, and to induce others to do the same."

Take these cards to any school where you may be permitted to address the pupils, and after a few remarks on the subject, give to each three cards, one for his or her signature, and two for each signer to use in persuading others to sign. This little bit of missionary work will foster a desire to do more, and meet the letter of the pledge.

Our hope for all reform is largely in the youth of the land. Set the young thinking and working, for this most magnanimous and beautiful of all good causes. We have, so far, never been refused access to the schools.

SHAWANEBEKE,

We give in this connection a copy of a pledge our Society has published on note paper, for use by teachers and others who may desire copies.

"A Pledge of Mercy."

"We hereby pledge ourselves never to torment any animal, large or small, and to do all we can to prevent others doing so."

[For Our Dumb Animals.] Stopping Horse-Cars.

The other day, one of the Cambridge horse-cars was stopped no less than three times to let one man get out. In the first place, the conductor misunderstood and stopped one street too soon, and the passenger instead of walking the few rods, directed him to keep on. So the horses were started up, and before they had got well to going, were brought to a stand once more. And now there happened to be a mud-puddle in the way, and the conductor was told to go further. Not altogether understanding what the trouble was, the poor beasts were set in motion again for a minute, then stopped for the third time, and then this passenger was pleased to get off.

The necessary stoppages are enough, and wearing enough, for these faithful, dumb servants of our pleasure and convenience. No one can ride much in the horse-cars without seeing that a great deal might be saved them by a little consideration on the part of the passengers. Persons allow the cars to be stopped every few rods, when by walking that distance, they could save the horses an extra pull and strain. To those who sin in this way, rather from thoughtlessness than want of feeling, we say, imagine yourself one of the horses, and put yourself in his place. A. B.

Horse Cars.

In your issue of the 17th inst., I saw a communication in reference to city car conductors. First of all comes the frequent stoppages that he is compelled to make. "Let me out at such a num-

ber," "stop right here," &c. Now this is a great trial to the poor horses, and greatly impedes the progress of the car. This frequent starting of the car is what wears out the horses; therefore, we say, be human, and get on or off at the intersection of the streets only. In New York city they will not stop a car in the middle of the block. This kind of weather, when Jack Frost reigns supreme, and the rail is covered with ice or snow, and breaking is made difficult, don't fly into a passion, and blaspheme the conductor because the car don't come to a stand the instant you desire it. Take into consideration the condition of the rail, and give him timely warning of where you wish to alight. After hailing a car, and succeeding in attracting the attention of the conductor, don't slow your gait to a snail's pace. Don't you know that there may be some passengers already in the car who are anxious to reach a depot in time to make a certain train?—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Burned Church of Chili.

We went first to the Companie (after arrival at Santiago in Chili) a large open square, planted with flowers, the site of the old Jesuit Church which was burned down December 8, 1863. In the centre is a large cross, and on either side of the iron railing is a marble tablet, with the simple and touching inscription in Spanish, which translated reads: "Burning of the Church of the Companie December 8, 1863. Remains of the victims; 2,000, more or less."—*Voyage of the "Sunbeam."*

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in January.

Whole number of complaints, 102; viz., Beating, 8; overworking and overloading, 10; overdriving, 3; driving when lame or galled, 21; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 24; abandoning, 2; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 4; cruelly transporting, 1; defective streets, 1; general cruelty, 24. Remedied without prosecution, 40; warnings issued, 36; not substantiated, 15; not found, 3; under investigation, 2; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 3; pending, 2. Animals killed, 15; temporarily taken from work, 18.

Receipts by the Society in January.

FINES.

Justices' Courts.—Westfield, \$10; Enfield (paid at jail), \$10. District Courts.—3d, Southern Worcester, \$5; Northern Middlesex, \$10. Municipal Court.—Boston (2 cases, one paid at jail), \$25. Witness fees, \$1.85. Total, \$61.85.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Geo. Dickinson, \$100; Mrs. S. H. Russell, \$50; Kidder, Peabody & Co., \$25; Miss S. Dorr, \$10; Mrs. W. H. Browne, \$10; John Langdon Silsby, \$10; Friends, \$10; Mrs. J. C. Johnson, \$5; Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, \$5; C. F. Forbes, \$5; Rev. Samuel May, \$5; W. O. Trowbridge, \$4; Mrs. A. Firth, \$2; S. R. Urbino, \$2; A. S. Spencer, \$1. Total, \$244.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Fairbanks, \$10; Miss A. Biddle, \$5; Mrs. J. Quincy, Sr., \$5; Levi Knowles, \$5.25; Miss Gray, \$5; Mrs. A. D. Almon, \$3.25; F. H. Bryan, \$3; Mrs. L. Griffin, \$5; Mrs. F. D. Allen, \$2.50.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

W. E. Gilmore, C. E. Carpenter, John Keefe, A. D. Chase, J. Chapin, D. L. Gillette, Mrs. G. Stevens, S. M. Taylor, A. Twigg, W. M. Kennard, H. Probasco, W. D. Swan, J. F. Howland, W. Parrott, C. B. Caldwell, Miss Rainsford, J. Goodwin, Dr. W. H. Burleigh, H. W. Miller, S. C. Rockwood, H. A. Fletcher, J. Gibbons, A. McCall.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

W. Fessenden, C. Babcock, A. P. Strong, M. R. Silsbee, O. Arnold, C. Woolley, J. A. Bacon, S. Crowell, M. Goddard, J. Beale, R. P. Johnson, F. Robbins, J. R. Tatum, C. A. Gilmore, E. P. Emerson, P. Hooper, De L. Crittenden, T. Kingsbury, M. Hadwin, M. Dodgson, A. F. Carleton, J. T. Clark, L. Magoun, J. H. Jones, J. A. Swan, Rev. N. J. Squires, A. S. Spencer, J. T. Gause, L. Titcomb, W. Ashley, H. L. Wister, W. E. Jackson, J. Ritchie, H. M. Jacobs, E. Cushman, S. R. Urbino, L. W. Nute, J. Kingman, J. J. Pickering, V. P. Culley, B. Hinkley, Rev. H. Wood, S. Goddard, J. Goddard, J. P. Knowles, E. Webster, Z. J. Bell, A. M. Page, J. R. Goodnow, G. Palske, C. B. Hoyt, M. R. Steele, S. C. Allen, Mrs. Molineux, F. H. Nelson, Rev. W. Crawford, G. Newhall, A. B. Eldridge, J. C. Jackson, M. Ford, A. S. Albee, E. J. Lucas, W. Mason, C. C. Fenlon, \$1.25; M. S. Bidwell, \$1.10; Noyes, Snow & Co., 75 cts.; J. C. Ridgway, 50 cts.; J. Gilson, 42 cts.; National Home for Disabled Soldiers, 50 cts. Total, \$156.92.

PUBLICATIONS.

Mrs. W. A. Browne, \$1; Miss Lucy Kittredge, \$1; Soldiers' Home, Togus, 12 cts.; Friend, 12 cts. Total, \$2.24.

Estate of Mrs. Mary A. Keith, \$1,000.

Total amount received in January, \$1,464.61.

Children's Department.

Song.

Sing, little bird, O sing!
How sweet thy voice and clear!
How fine the airy measures ring,
The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, O bloom!
Thou makest glad the day;
A scented torch, thou dost illumine
The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, O dance!
While sweet the small birds sing,
And flowers bloom fair, and every glance
Of sunshine tells of spring.

O! bloom, and sing, and smile,
Child, bird, and flower, and make
The sad old world forget awhile
Its sorrow for your sake!

—Celia Thaxter.

A Story.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect:

Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. "Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one: "You have a son;" and to the other: "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle which feed upon herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of these innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

Habits of Sheep.

They perseveringly follow their leader wherever he goes; but if, in case of sudden alarm, any of the flock runs forward to escape, and thus takes the lead, the rest generally follow him, regardless of any obstruction. Of this singular disposition Dr. Anderson once witnessed an instance in the town of Liverpool. A butcher's boy was driving about twenty fat widders through the town, but they ran down a street along which he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work with his broom a little way before them, and called out loudly for him to stop the sheep. The man accordingly did what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity; but the sheep, much agitated, pressed forward, and at last one of them came right up to the man, who, fearing it was about to jump over his head while he was stooping, grasped the short broom-stick in both hands and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring and jumped fairly over him without touching the

broom. The first had no sooner cleared this impediment than another followed, and another, in such quick succession that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole flock had jumped over him, not one of them attempting to pass on either side, though the street was quite clear. As this took place during wet weather, the man was entirely bespattered with mud before they had passed, and it is impossible to conceive a more ludicrous appearance than the poor fellow made on this occasion.

Anecdote of a Canary-Bird.

A very pretty and curious incident, illustrative of the reasoning powers possessed by inferior animals, recently occurred in the case of a canary-bird. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light upon the mantel-shelf, whereon was a mirror.

Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and curiously at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage he selected a seed from its box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and disgusted, he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day; and although the door was repeatedly left open, he refused to come out again.—*Scientific American.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

The Prairie Dog.

But few of my readers, perhaps, have seen this singular little animal. While their domicils are located with some degree of order, they are less mathematical and more promiscuous than the picture of them by Irving would lead one to expect. Indeed, nature is all the more lovely for its freedom and profusion of variety.

Near ten years ago, I made the acquaintance of the largest dog-town I ever saw. It was near the Arkansas River, in Southwestern Kansas. The inhabitants were the size of an ordinary cat, although more slender. They lived together in pairs, and in deep holes which they had dug slantingly in the earth. Through the day they usually sit at the doors of their houses, singing in sharp tones, and at times imperilling their lives, by shots from the fire-arms of passers-by. And yet, so far as we could learn, they were seldom killed. Their dodge, like all their movements, was too quick for their would-be destroyers. Thus failing to get them with the gun, as, if a chance one be shot, he would fall back into his hole, resort is had to flooding them with water drawn for the purpose. By this means they are overcome and usually captured, and soon become gentle and inoffensive pets.

Their usual food is grasses, or roots, although they learn to eat grains and nuts. Patiently enduring the depredations of their civilized and christianized tormentors, for a series of eight or ten years, at last the large settlement referred to, made an orderly retreat towards the uncivilized Indians in the far West. Will not such as are cruel to animals ponder such a fact?

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

W. PERKINS.

CINCINNATI, O.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

That Bluebird.

BY LEWIS JOSSELYN.

A good many years ago, when a lad, I lived on "Long Hill," one of the smaller elevations of the Green Mountain range, in Vermont. I was quite a small boy, but large enough to throw stones, as many boys do, sometimes with no particular object in view, and often to hit a mark, or a bird, or

squirrels—which were very numerous in that section in those days. The boy who could throw close enough to kill a squirrel, or a bird, was considered one of the best of "marksmen," and was quite a hero among his fellows. I had some ambition in that line of promotion; and as "practice makes perfect," I very often let the stones fly, and came to be, as I thought, a "pretty good shot."

One lovely spring morning—the birds had come, I had heard the robins sing before I was up—I went forth to see what I could do in the way of "bringing down the game." Almost the first live object I saw was a bluebird, sitting on a post in the fence. It did look pretty. What a nice mark! "Swift as an arrow" I threw a stone, which hit it on its head, and it fell dead at the foot of the post! Conviction of doing a wicked, mean thing struck me at once. What had I done! I tried to reason with myself, "I didn't mean to do it." Then, murderer-like, I moved slowly toward the fallen bird, took it in my hands, smoothed its soft, beautiful feathers, and oh! how I did want to bring it to life again! Too late! How much wrong is done by the thoughtless, old as well as young, before they can see and feel the wickedness and baseness of it! That bluebird has haunted me ever since. It may have changed the current of my feelings towards the birds and all of the dumb animals ever afterwards, and led me to think of them and to treat them more kindly. That is all the good I can think of that could have come from the cruel, cowardly deed.

Let me say to all—the boys in particular—who may read this true story: Don't kill or hunt the birds, or any other living thing, in mere wanton sport; for there is one loving Father over all, who created the heavens and the earth, and all that there is therein, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Spring-time is coming. How much of its delicious pleasure we should lose were we deprived of the returning beautiful birds, and the sound of their sweet voices. May they cheer the sad with their songs in the morning, soothe the weary as they chant their vespers, and make all happier and better by their presence.

The Old Horse's Complaint.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

I once had a master who thought me a prize,
The gem of his stable, the light of his eyes;
He called me pet names when I fed from his hand,
And gave me a stall which was costly and grand;
He watched me with tenderness, made soft my bed;
No draught was allowed to blow over my head;
No ill could assail me, no danger come nigh,
My hay was the sweetest that money could buy.

My satin-like hide was by every one praised;
I'd a clean set of limbs, and like stars my eyes blazed;
My quarters were broad, and my shoulders were strong,
And my tail, mane, and foretop were silky and long.
I was a true type of the thoroughbred horse,
And when in a race I flew over the course,
No urging was needed, no spur my flank tore—
My pluck always carried me first to the score.

But time sapped my strength, and my triumphs were o'er;
With the young and the fleet I could struggle no more;
And one day my master remarked, with a sigh,
"The old horse is in the way now, and must die!
He is old and decrepit, and eats too much hay,
So put on his halter, and lead him away.
Make sure of your work, take him off to the plains,
Then pull out your pistol, and blow out his brains!"

I am ready and willing to yield my last breath,
But still it seems hard he should order my death.
If I had the power I'd work for him still—
But enough! it is over!—now hear my last will:
Let my hide into leather for harness be made,
Give my bones to the turner for use in his trade,
Then lay the old carcass, at the set of the sun,
'Neath the soil on the track where my triumphs were won
—New York Weekly.

Cruelty to Children in Massachusetts.

The speech in our House of Representatives which follows we gladly find room and thank Judge Russell for, because it is a noble plea for a class of human sufferers to whom our sympathies and aid are pledged, in virtue of their own claims, and by our advocacy of mercy and justice to other innocent victims of cruelty.

REMARKS OF JUDGE RUSSELL ON THE BILL TO PROTECT
DESOLATE AND ABUSED CHILDREN.

Mr. McCafferty, of Worcester, called attention to the peculiar provisions of the Act, and said they needed explanation. Mr. Russell spoke as follows:—

"Mr Speaker: This bill does call for explanation, and when it has been made, I trust it will be approved by the wisdom and humanity of the House, and especially by the sound sense and humanity of my friend from Worcester. The bill is designed to protect and to rescue some of the deserted and suffering children in this State. Many of them are without parents or guardians; others have parents that are worse than none. The proposed measure offers for them as a guardian, to be appointed in fit cases by the Judge of Probate, a society of good men and women, who have united, without distinction of creed, to save children from cruelty and oppression.

"I will only name three of the most active in this association. Its president is Abbott Lawrence, who has inherited not only a great name, but a full share of the virtues which have made that name illustrious. Another active member is Mrs. Hemenway, whose charities are simply enormous. And still another is J. Boyle O'Reilly, whose genius is equalled by his humanity. Already they have rescued many children, and some of them from cruelties scarcely to be believed.

"It seems hardly credible, but it has been proved, that here in Boston are many children held in abject slavery. They are chiefly Italians, bought of their parents in Italy, or stolen and kidnapped, just as children were once stolen on the coast of Africa. The price of such a child is about \$80; and that was the sum demanded last week, when the relatives of a boy sought to take him from his 'padrone.' They are employed as beggars, as boot-blacks, or as street musicians. I must add, that some of them are also used for purposes that cannot be named,—for crimes that exposed the cities of the plain to a rain of fire.

"The number is greater here, because severe laws have driven them from other cities. If any one seeks to take one of these children away, the 'padrone' defies him, and asks, 'Why don't you pass the New York laws?' An application for *habeas corpus* in behalf of one these boys, would fail, because no person has the right to make it. As lawyers say in a case of trespass, 'the plaintiff must rely on the strength of his title,—not on the weakness of the defendant's.' A benevolent person seeking to interfere, has no standing in court. I think no one can object to having the society appointed as guardian in such cases.

"We ask more. When parents treat their children with gross and habitual cruelty, this bill gives the judge power to appoint this society as guardian, for such time as seems fit. Let me state one case, although it is hard to state it. A short time since an Italian boy, for the crime of only earning twenty-five cents, instead of fifty, in a day, was stripped naked by his father, and flogged with a leather strap and buckle till the tendon of his knee was lacerated, and his flesh cut to the bone in half a score of places. Then, stark naked as he was, he was lashed to the chimney, all bruised and bleeding, and exposed on the roof to the frosts of a December night; until, fortunately (or unfortunately) his moans attracted attention, and he was rescued while just alive. His father is serving a brief term in prison, and promises to whip the boy within a inch of his life, when he comes out. He probably will do so, for no one can prevent it, although he may be punished

when he has committed the crime. Has he not forfeited his rights as a father? Is it not time to maintain the rights of the child?

"The second section of the bill cannot be opposed. It only gives to parents the right to select this society as guardian of their children. The third section provides for waifs, for children utterly abandoned, the foundlings of our streets. The number of these, as reported, is appalling. The society only asks custody of them, while their parents may be sought by advertisement.

"This project is the more beneficent, because it saves children not only from suffering, but from a career of wrong-doing. It is sad to think how often a youth of misery is followed by a life of crime. Our chaplain, praying, a short time since, for the children of our deceased associate, spoke of them as deprived of a father, 'thrown upon the fatherhood of God.' Some of these children are orphans; others are more desolate than orphans; all are thrown upon the fatherhood of Him who displays his benevolence most tenderly, when he puts it into the hearts of good men and women to seek and save those who are ready to perish."

Mr. McCafferty spoke in opposition to the bill, urging that the corporation being "immortal," might change, and be controlled by wicked persons. He also said, that lying children might bring false charges against worthy parents; and if the society extends its operations through the State, any of us may have our sons and daughters taken away by law.

Mr. Russell replied: "Mr. Speaker, I know how hard it is to do anything for the children of the poor. I have heard just such opposition before. And while regretting it, I can yet appreciate and honor the motive. It comes from regard—excited and exaggerated regard, as it seems to me,—for personal rights, and especially for parental rights. But those rights may be forfeited by cruelty, when it is proved to be gross and habitual. And the rights of the child are to be considered before the rights of parents, such as I have described.

"The association does seek to extend its work to all parts of the State; and I could name a town in Essex County, where eleven children have been rescued by it from the depths of wretchedness. It is said, the character of the society may change, because it is immortal. Indeed, it deserves to be immortal, for this corporation is not without a soul. If it should change; if anybody can imagine, that its members will ever covet poor children for any possible bad motive, then no judge will make them guardians of a child.

"I make the same reply to the suggestion of false testimony. We must trust to the judge, as we trust to other judges acting on human testimony, questions even of life and death. It is easy to imagine wrongful convictions and sentences. Take our laws to-day. A boy steals an apple in a shop. It is larceny in a building. The youth may be sentenced to State Prison for five years. The apple is taken from the pocket of another boy. It is larceny from the person, and again the sentence may be five years; or it is taken with violence and it may be ten or twenty years. Why not repeal such laws? Why,—because we trust to the judgment, integrity and humanity of our judges,—long may Massachusetts have cause to trust them. And so we may safely confide to them,—especially to the judges of the orphans' and widows' courts,—the cause of these children. Against these imaginary pictures of wrong I hold up the pictures of real wrongs, and ask the house to judge my cause.

"Mr. Speaker, I feel more on this matter than some others can feel,—far more than I can express. For it was once the daily business of my life to deal with children of this class. I know, that it is not from hunger and cold, and from blows only, that they are to be saved, but from vice, and crime, and ruin. I remember too well, how children used to be brought before the court; discharged, because it was the first time, or because they were too young for punishment; then a nominal penalty or release on bail; then a reform

school,—and then the State Prison. The faces of those children haunt me now. I recollect how they were changed each time as they came before the court,—each day further from childhood, and nearer to despair.

"I remember seeing that wonderful artist, Ristori, as she enacted the sorrows of a disrowned Queen of France. And from one scene to another she deepened the sad lines upon her face, so that those who did not understand one word of the language were yet moved to tears by the mere changes of her countenance. There are hundreds of children in Boston, upon whose faces vice and crime are writing their black lines. Daily those marks are growing deeper and darker. These children act no royal part; they bear no royal name. But they are, every one,—yes, the poorest of them,—'the children of a King.' In their name I plead for this beneficent act; and their cry is: 'Come and help us, or we die.'"

New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The Fourth Annual Report of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to children has been received. It is a pamphlet of ninety-one pages. On the first page we have a list of its officers for 1879: John D. Wright, President; W. L. Jenkins, Treasurer; E. Fellow Jenkins, Secretary, with ten vice-presidents and fifteen members of the board of directors.

More than fifty pages are occupied with accounts of cases the Society has dealt with, five of which are illustrated with photographs of the children spoken of in the text. If any honest doubt had ever existed of the need of such a society, this record should remove it, and if any questioned whether the New York Society were doing its full duty, these painful stories would be the complete answer. The Society should have the heartiest Godspeed and the most generous support from every humane man and woman in the city of New York until such horrors shall cease.

The cause of two-thirds of the cases is attributed to intemperance. The Society had 1,085 complaints; prosecuted in 351 cases, and convicted in 304. The children relieved and placed in houses and institutions numbered 619.

The dealings of this Society with Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera Company, is a curious revelation of falsehood and heartlessness, where better things were looked for. The slave-masters, known as "Padrones," who bring children from Italy to perform in the streets of our American towns, and who return cruelty for skill and faithfulness, after the recent revelations, we trust, will soon find their occupation gone.

Success to the good work of the Children's Protective societies!

*[For Our Dumb Animals.]**What Shall we do to Lady Douglass?*

A pretty rose-bay mare is my Lady Douglass, bright, smart, well-broken, willing, and tough as a bear; but "she had one fault." So her present master said when he bought her; what the fault was, it was wise in the rest of the household not to inquire into; and we did not. In time, probably we should find out. She was not afraid of anything; she never shied; she never ran away; she was good as a work-horse, swift as a carriage-horse. She was a small eater, and would thrive anywhere, and on anything, and was always plump, sleek, and well. She had no defects or disease, neither spavin, ring-bone, heaves, or any of the nameless lamenesses and ails to which all others of the equine race, owned by us, have been

Music from High School Music Reader. Published by GINN BROS. Boston.

Springtime.

Words adapted for Our Dumb Animals.

1. Blue are the heav-ens; Clear is the air; Na-ture surrounds us Won-drous-ly fair... Beautiful but-terflies Float o'er the earth;
 2. Gay on the mountain Springs the wild deer, Light-ly his footsteps Flash far and near... Leaping and plash-ing, Down thro' the rills,
 3. Frogs in the marsh-es Mel-o-dies sing; Birds on the branches Wel-come the spring; Eve-ry wild creature Bursts from its lair,

Springtime! all na-ture Laughs at thy birth, Laughs at thy birth, Springtime! we greet thee with joy-ful hearts!
 While all the val-ley Bloss-oms and thrills, Bloss-oms and thrills, Springtime! we greet thee with joy-ful hearts!
 Wel-comes with rapt-ure Spring-time so fair, Springtime so fair! Springtime! we greet thee with joy-ful hearts!

subject, sooner or later. She was sure-footed as a goat, tireless as a mule, good for any reasonable number of miles, never flagging or showing any signs of weariness.

We who were not in the secret, puzzled our brains in vain over the "one fault." When she untied herself and let herself loose, we were told that *that* was only a trick she had, in common with many of her race. And when she gave us a tremendous salute, by letting her hoof fly against the side of her stall as we passed her, we were informed that it was only an exhibition of her high spirits.

But one day, without provocation, she voluntarily let us all know what the thing was of which we had been ignorant. Her master hitched her to a sled-load of wood, which she was expected to draw to the house, a few rods distant, just as she had been doing all winter, from time to time. But instead of going along with it, as she had always done with her load, whatever it was, in her customary work on the farm, she refused to stir; and no amount of effort, persuasion, urging, or commanding had the least effect on her. She would stand up straight on her hind legs, but as for advancing so much as a yard—you might as well have expected a mountain to do it. It was a small load, she was accustomed to doing it, and she had not been used for two or three days. There was no cause for her conduct. It was pure wickedness on her part, defiant stubbornness. It seemed to have entered into her head in that single instant that she *would not* do that particular thing. In that one minute of time, she developed a personal devil, as so many men, women and children do, on some occasions in their lives.

It was of no use to whip her, and he did not, provoking though she was; but a neighbor, who happened along, gave her a few smart slaps with a piece of board, and pricked her, he said, with a pin. After working over her, humoring her, and waiting for her, till he was about worn out, her master took her out of the sled, harnessed her into the sleigh, and she trotted off as if nothing had happened. He exercised her in this way for awhile, and then, hoping that she had got over her stubbornness, he tried her with the load of wood once more, with the same result. She had not forgotten so soon, neither had she changed her mind; and she was actually put back into her

stable, triumphant; and the sled stands there yet. How she must have enjoyed it—the obstinate little beast. It remains to be seen whether her contrariness will assert itself at the next trial, which will be in a day or two.

It was the ugliest kind of a demon that entered into my Lady Douglass; and now the question with us is, What must we do to her when he again gets possession of her?

A. B. H.

THE London "Anti-Vivisectionist" says: "It appears that the late Dr. Fraser, of Hampstead, had made a bequest in his will leaving the large sum of £10,000 to the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh, for founding bursaries, etc., for medical students at the university; 'but,' runs his will, having learnt that the horrible and atrocious practice prevailed there of performing unspeakably cruel operations and experiments on living animals, he now, by his will, cancelled the bequest, and desired to benefit the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to a similar extent, since he could not reconcile it with his feelings to encourage, however remotely, the practice of vivisection."

Horseshoes.

LONDON, Nov. 2, 1878.

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR,—Some months ago, I forget the exact date, there appeared in "The Times" a series of letters for and against horseshoes. The argument against them seemed to me so strong, and the convenience of doing without them so great, that I resolved to try the experiment. Accordingly, when my pony's shoes were worn out, I had them removed and gave him a month's rest at grass, with an occasional drive of a mile or two on the highroad, while his hoofs were hardening. The result at first seemed doubtful. The hoof was a thin shell, and kept chipping away until it had worked down beyond the holes of the nails by which the shoes had been fastened. After this the hoof grew thick and hard, quite unlike what it had been before. I now put the pony to full work, and he stands it well. He is more sure-footed; his tread is almost noiseless; his hoofs are in no danger from the rough hand of the far-

rier; and the change altogether has been a clear gain without anything to set off against it. My pony, I may add, was between four and five years old—rising four, I fancy is the correct phrase; he had been regularly shod up to the present year. He now goes better without shoes than he ever did with them, and without shoes he will continue to go as long as he remains in my possession.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

PHILIPPUS.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir

Him with cheerful notes admire;

Chanting every day their lauds,

While the grove their song applauds.

—John Austin, 1668.

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